

The Fearefull Summer:

OR,

Londons Calamitie, The Countries Discour-
tesie, And both their Miserie.

Printed by Authoritie in Oxford, in the last great Infection of the
Plague, 1625. And now reprinted with some Editions,
concerning this present yeere, 1636.

*With some mention of the grievous and afflicted estate of the famous Towne
of New-Castle upon Tyne, with some other visited Townes
of this Kingdome.*

By IOHN TAYLOR.



Printed at London by E.P. for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at his
Shop on London-Bridge. 1636.

To the truly Generous and Noble
Knight, Sir Iohn Millissent, Serjeant-Porter
to the Kings most Excellent
Majestie.

Right worthy Knight, when first this Book I writ
To You, I boldly Dedicated it:
And having now enlarg'd both *Prose* and *Rime*,
To you I offer it the second time.
To whom should I these *sorrowes* recommend,
But unto You, the Cities Noble Friend?
I know you are much *grieved* with their *griefe*,
And would adventure *Life* for their reliefe:
To you therefore these Lines I Dedicate,
Wherein, their *Sorrowes* partly I relate,
I humbly crave acceptance at your hand:
And rest

Your Servant ever at command,

JOHN TAYLOR.



The Preface.

IN this lamentable time of generall calamitie, our hainous finnes provoking Gods just indignation, this heavie Visitation and mortalitie, I being attendant upon the Queenes Majestie at Hampton-Court, and from thence within two miles of Oxford with her Barge (with much griefe and remorse) did see and heare miserable and cold entertainment of many Londoners; which, for their preservation fled and retired themselves from the Citie into the Country. Whence I noted the peoples Charitie, and great amendment, for they had given over one of the seven deadly finnes, which was Covetousnesse, and in many places were so farre out of love of a Citizens money, that they abhor'd and hated either to touch or receive it; entertaining them with bitter Worme-wood welcome, (which hearbe was in more request amongst many of them, than any of the heavenly Graces or Cardinall Vertues) yet the hearbe of Grace was in much estimation, although the name of it was a document that they had occasion to Rue the Time; I further perceived that they were so farre from beleeving or crediting any man, that they would or durst not trust their owne noses, but were doubtfull, that that sence would conspire with the Plague to murder them, wherefore (like cunning Mariners, or Mole-catchers) they would craftily in their streets and high-ways fetch the wind of any man, although they were over shoes and boots, and sometimes tumbled into a Ditch for their labours. This was the time when a man with a night-Cap at noone, would have frightened a whole Parish out of their wits, when to call for Aqua vitæ (though it had bin but to make a drench

A 2

The Preface.

rench for a sick horse) was enough to have his house shut up. When Lord have mercy upon us, made many of them tremble more than God Refuse, Renounce, Confound, or Damne. When a man travelling in the habit of a Citizen, was a meere Bulbegger; when saw a man to say that he came from hell, would yeeld him better welcome without money, than one would give to his owne Father and Mother that came from London. In this time of mans great misery and small mercie, I tooke my Pen in hand, and wrote this ensuing Discourse: I have (as neere as I could) suited it sadly, according to the nature of the subject. And truly, because that the bare and naked truth was so cleare and ample, that I need not to fluffe it out with frivolous fables or fantastickall fictions, with my soule, I thankfully acknowledge Gods great mercy extended towards me (one of the most wretched and wicked) in that so many thousands of better life and conversation, have fallen on my right hand and on my left, and round about me; yet hath his gracious protection been my guard, for the which in my gratitude to my God, and to avoyd the sinne of idleness, I have written, what those that can, may roade.

This Book was written by me in Oxford, 1625. and printed there by the Approbation of the Right Worshipfull Master Vice-Chancellor; and now being it was to be reprinted againe, I have annexed unto it (at the latter end) some Additions, and Observations as are correspondent and pertinent to this time of Visitation.

THE



THE Fearefull Summer:

OR,

Londons Calamitie.



He *Patience* and long-suffering of our God,
Keeps close his *Quiver*, and restraines his *Rod*,
And though our crying Crimes to Heav'n doe cry
For vengeance, on accurst Mortality;

Yea though wee merie mischiefes manifold;
Blest, *Mercie* doth the hand of *Iustice* hold.
But when that *Eye* that sees all things most cleare,
Expects our fruits of *Faith*, from yeere, to yeere,
Allows us painefull *Pastors*, who bestow
Great care and toyle, to make us fruitfull grow,
And daily doth in those weake *Vessels* send
The dew of *Heaven*, in hope we will amend;
Yet (at the last) he doth perceive and see
That we unfruitfull and most barren be,
Which makes on us his indignation frowne,
And (as accursed *Fig-trees*) cut us downe.
Thus mercy (mock'd) plucks justice on our heads,
And grievous *Plagues* our Kingdome over-spreads:
Then let us to our God make quicke returning,
With true contrition, fasting and with mourning:
The Word is God, and *God* hath spok the Word,
If wee repent hee will put up his Sword.
Hee's griev'd in punishing, Hee's slow to Ire,
And Hee a sinners death doth not desire.
If our Compunction our Amendment show,
Our purple sinnes *Hee'll* make as white as snow.

The Fearefull Summer,

If wee lament, our *G O D* is mercifull,
Our *scarie crimes* hee'l make as white as Wooll.
Faire *London* that did late abound in blisse,
And wast our Kingdomes great *Metropolis*,
'Tis *thou* that art dejected, low in state,
Disconsolate, and almost desolate,
The hand of *Heav'n* (that onely did protect thee)
Thou hast provok'd most justly to correct thee,
And for thy pride of heart and deeds unjust,
Hee layes thy pompe and glory in the dust.
Thou that wast late the Queene of Cities nam'd,
Throughout the world admir'd, renown'd, and fam'd;
Thou that hadst all things at command and will,
To whom all *England* was a hand-maid still;
For Rayment, Fewell, Fish, Fowle, Beasts, for Food,
For Fruits, for all our Kingdome counted good,
Both neere and farre remote, all did agree
To bring their best of blessings unto thee,
Thus in conceit thou seem'd it to rule the *Fates*,
VVhilst *peace* and plenty flourish'd in thy Gates,
Could I relieve thy miseries as well,
As part I can thy woes and sorrowes tell,
Then should my Cares be eas'd with thy Reliefe,
And all my study how to end thy grieve.
Thou that wer't late rich, both in friends and wealth,
Magnificent in state, and strong in health,
As chiefest Mistris of our Countrey priz'd,
Now chiefly in the Country art despis'd.
The name of *London* now both farre and neere,
Strikes all the Townes and Villages with feare;
And to be thought a *Londoner* is worse,
Than one that breakes a house, or takes a purse.
Hee that will filch or steale, *now* is the Time,
No Justice dares examine him, his crime;
Let him but say, that he from *London* came,
So full of Feare and Terrour is that name,
The Constable his charge will soone forsake,
And no man dares his *Mistimes* to make.

Thus

Or, Londons Calamitie.

Thus Citizens plagu'd for the Citie finnes,
Poore entertainment in the Countrie winnes.
Some feare the Citie, and flye thence amaine,
And those are of the Countrie fear'd againe,
Who 'gainst them barre their windowes and their doores,
More than they would 'gainst *Turkes*, or *Jewes*, or *Moores*,
I thinke if very *Spaniards* had come there,
Their well-come had been better, and their cheare.
Whilst Hay-cock-lodging, with hard slender fare,
Welcome like dogges unto a Church they are,
Feare makes them with the Anabaptists joyne,
For if an Hostesse doe receive their coyne,
She in a dish of water, or a paille,
Will new baptize it, lest it something aile.
Thus many a Citizen well stor'd with Gold,
Is glad to lye upon his mother *mold*,
His bed the map of his mortalitie,
His curtaines Clouds, and Heav'n his Canopie.
The russet Plow-Swaine, and the Leathern Hinde,
Through feare is growne unmannerly, unkinde:
And in his house (to harbour) hee'l preferre
An Infidell before a *Londoner*:
And thus much friendship *Londoners* did win,
The Devill himselfe had better welcome bin:
Those that with travell were tir'd, faint, and dry,
For want of drinke, might starve, and choke, and dye:
For why the hob-nail'd Boores, inhumane Blocks,
Uncharitable Hounds, hearts hard as Rocks,
Did suffer people in the field to sinke,
Rather than give, or sell a draught of drinke.
Milke-maides and Farmers wives are growne so nice,
They thinke a Citizen a Cockatrice,
And Countrie Dames are wax'd so coy and briske,
They shun him as they'l shun a Basiliske:
For every one the sight of him will flye,
All fearing he would kill them with his eye.
Ah wofull *London*, I thy grieve bewaile,
And if my sighs and prayers may but prevaile;

The Fearefull Summer,

I humbly beg of God that hee'l bee pleas'd,
In *Iesus Christ* his wrath may be appeas'd,
With-holding his dread judgements from above,
And once more graspe thee in his armes of love.
In mercie all our wickednesse remit,
For who can give thee thanks within the pit?
Strange was the change in lesse than three months space,
In joy, in woe, in grace, and in disgrace:
A healthfull *April*, a diseased *June*,
And dangerous *July*, brings all out of tune.
That Citie whose rare objects pleas'd the eyes
With much content and more varieties,
She that was late delightfull to the eares,
With melody Harmonious, like the *Sphaeres*:
Shee that had all things that might please the *scent*,
And all she *felt*, did give her *touch* content,
Her *Cinque Port scences*, richly fed and cloy'd
With blessings bountifull, which shee enjoy'd.
Now three months change hath fill'd it full of feare,
As if no Solace ever had beene there.
What doe the eyes see there but grieved sights
Of sicke, oppressed, and distressed wights?
Houses shut up, some dying, and some dead,
Some (all amazed) flying, and some fled.
Streets thinly man'd with wretches every day,
Which have no power to flee, or meanes to stay,
In some whole street (perhaps) a Shop or twaine
Stands open, for small takings, and lesse gaine.
And every closed window, doore and stall,
Makes each day seeme a solemne Festivall.
Dead Coarces carried, and reearried still,
Whilst fittie Corples scarce one grave doth fill.
With *Lord have mercie upon us* on the doore,
Which (though the words be good) doth grieve men fore.
And o're the doore-posts fix'd a *Crosse* of red,
Betokening that there *Death* some blood hath shed.
Some with *Gods markes* or *Tokens* doe espie,
Those *Markes* or *Tokens*, shew them they must die.

Some

Or, *Londons Calamitie*

Some with their Carbuncles, and Sores new burst, another sort
Are fed with hope they have escap'd the worst :
Thus passeth all the weeke, till *Thursdaves Brit*
Shows us what thousands Death that weeke did kill.
That fatall *Bill*, doth like a Razor cut
The dead, the living in a maze doth put.
And he that hath a Christian heart, I know,
Is griev'd, and wounded with the deadly blow.
These are the objects of the *Eye*, now heard
And mark the mournfull Musicke of the *Eare*.
There doe the brazen Iron tongu'd loud Bells,
(Deaths clamorous Musicke) ring continuall knells,
Some loslie in their notes, some sadly towling,
Whil't fatall Dogges made a most dismall howling.
Some franticke raving, some with anguish crying,
Some singing, praying, groaning, and some dying,
The healthfull grieving, and the sickly groaning,
All in a mournfull diapason moaning.
Here, Parents for their Childrens losse lament ;
There, Children grieve for Parents life that's spent :
Husbands deplore their loving Wives decease :
Wives for their Husbands weepe remedilesse :
The Brother for his Brother, friend for friend,
Doe each for other mutuall sorowes spend.
Here, Sister mournes for Sister, Kin for Kin,
As one grieve ends, another doth begin :
There one lyes languishing with slender fare,
Small comfort, lesse attendance, and least care,
With none but Death and hee to tug together,
Untill his Corps and Soule part each from either.
In one house one, or two, or three doth fall,
And in another Death playes sweepe-stake all.
Thus universall sorrowfull complaining,
Is all the Musicke now in *London* raining,
Thus is her comfort sad Calamitie,
And all her *Melodie* is *Maladie*.
These are the objects of the *Eyes* and *Eares*,
Most wofull sights, and sounds of griefes and feares.

The Fearfull Summer,

The curious *taste* that whilome did delight,
With cost and care to please the Appetite ;
What she was wont to hate, she doth adore,
And what's high priz'd, she held despis'd before ;
The drugs, the drenches, and untoothsome drinks,
Feare gives a sweetnesse to all severall stinckes ;
And for supposed *Antidotes*, each Palate
Of most contagious weeds will make a Sallate,
And any of the simplest Mountebankes,
May cheat them (as they will) of coyne and thanks,
With scraped powder of a shooing horne,
Which they'l beleeva is of an *Unicorne* :
Angelicas, distastfull root is gnaw'd,
And *Heerbe of grace* most Ruefully is chaw'd ;
Garlicke offendeth neither *taste* nor smell,
Feare and *opinion* makes it relish well ;
Whilst *Beazer* stone, and mightie *Mishridates*,
To all degrees is great in estimate :
And *Triacles* power is wondrously exprest,
And *Dragon water* in most high request.
These 'gainst the *Plague* are good preservatives,
But the best Cordiall is t'amend our lives :
Sinne's the maine cause, and we must first begin
To cease our griefes, by ceasing of our sinne.
I doe beleeva that God hath given in store
Good Medicines to cure, or ease each Sore ;
But first remove the cause of the disease,
And then (no doubt but) the effect will cease :
Our sinne's the cause, remove our sinnes from hence,
And God will soone remove the Pestilence :
Then every med'cine, (to our consolation)
Shall have his power, his force, his operation ;
And till that time, experiments are not
But Paper walls against a Canon shot.
On many a post I see *Quicke-salvers* Bills
Like *Fencers* Challenges, to shew their skills ;
As if they were such *Masters of defence*,
That they dare combat with the *Pestilence*.

Or, *Londons Calamitie.*

Meet with the Plague in any deadly fray;
And bragge to heare the victory away;
But if their Patients patiently beleeeve them,
They'l cure them (without faile) of what they give them;
What though ten thousands by their drenches perish,
They made them purposely themselves to cherish:
Their Art is a moore Artlesse kinde of lying,
To picke their living out of others dying.
This sharpe invective no way seemes to touch
The learn'd *Physician*, whom I honour much,
The *Paracelsians* and the *Galenists*,
The *Philosophicall* grave *Herbalists*:
These I admire and reverence, for in those
God doth Dame *Natures* secrets fast inclose,
Which they distribute, as occasions serve
Health to reserve, and health decay'd conserve.
'Tis 'gainst such *Rat-catchers* I bend my pen,
Which doe mechanically murther men,
Whose promises of cure (like lying knaves)
Doth begger men, or send them to their graves.
Now *London*, for thy sence of feeling next,
Thou in thy feeling chiefly art perplex;
Thy heart feels sorrow, and thy body anguish,
Thou in thy feeling feel'st thy force to languish,
Thou feel'st much woe, and much calamitie,
And many millions feele thy misery;
Thou feel'st the fearefull *Plague*, the *Flix*, and *Fever*,
Which many a soule doth from the body sever:
And I beseech *God* for our *Saviours* merit,
To let thee feele the *Comfort* of the *Spirit*.
Last for the solace of the *smell* or *scent*;
Some in contagious roomes are closely pent,
Whereas corrupted aire they take, and give
Till time ends, or lends liberty to live.
One with a piece of taffeld well tarr'd *Rope*,
Doth with that Nose-gay keepe himselfe in hope;
Another doth a wisp of *Wormewood* pull,
And with great judgement crams his nostrils full.

The Fearefull Summer,

A third takes off his shoes from his sweating feet,
And makes them his perfume along the street;
A fourth hath got a pown'd Pomander Box,
With worme-wood juice, or sweating of a Fox;
Rue steep'd in vinegar, they hold in good
To cheere the senses, and preserve the blood;
Whil't *Billets* Bonfire-like, and *Faggots* drie
Are burnt i'th streets, the Aire to purifie,
Thou great *Almightie*, give them time and space,
And purifie them with thy heavenly *Grace*,
Make their repentance Incense, whose sweet favour
May mount unto thy Throne, and gaine thy favour;
Thus every sense, that should the heart delight,
Are Ministers, and Organs to affright.
The Citizens doe from the Citie runne.
The Countrey Feares, the Citizens doe shunne:
Both feare the *Plagne*, but neither feares one jot
The evill ways which hath the *Plague* begot.
This is the way this Sicknesse to prevent,
Feare to offend, more than the punishment.
All Trades are dead, or almost out of breath,
But such as live by sicknesse or by death:
The Mercers, Grocers, Silk-men, Gold-smiths, Drapers,
Are out of Season, like noone-burning Tapers:
All functions faile almost, through want of buyers,
And every Art and Mystery turne *Dyers*:
The very *Water-men* give over plying,
Their rowing Trade doth faile, they fall to dying.
Some men there are, that rise by others falls,
Prophetick Angurists in Urinals,
Those are right Water-men, and rowe so well,
They either land their *Fares* in Heav'n or Hell.
I never knew them yet, to make a stay
And land at Purgatorie, by the way:
The reason very plainly doth appeare,
Their Patientes feeble their Purgatorie here.
But this much (Reader) you must understand,
They commonly are paid before they land.

Next

Or, Londons Calamitie.

Next unto him th' *Apothecary* thrives
By *Physicke Bills*, and his *Preservatives*;
Worme-eaten Sextons, mightie gaines doe winne,
And nastie *Grave-makers* great commings in;
And *Coffin-makers* are well paid their rent;
For many a wofull woodden tenement;
For which the *Trunke-makers* in *Pauls Church-yard*,
A large *Revenue* this sad yeere have shar'd,
Their living Customers for *Trunkes* were fled,
They now made *Chests* or *Coffins* for the dead.
The *Searchers* of each *corps* good gainers be,
The *Beareys* have a profitable fee,
And last, the *Dog-killers* great gaines abounds,
For braining brawling Curres, and foisting hounds.
These are the *Grave* Trades, that doe get and save,
Whose gravitie brings many to their *grave*.
Thus grieved *London*, fill'd with moanes and groanes,
Is like a *Gilgotha* of dead mens bones:
The field where *Death* his bloody fray doth fight,
And kil'd a thousand in a day and night.
Fair houses, that were late exceeding deare,
At fiftie or an hundred pounds a yeere,
The *Landlords* are so pittifull of late,
They'l let them at a quarter of the rate.
So hee that is a mightie moneyed man,
Let him but thither make what haste hee can,
Let him disburse his *Gold* and *Silver* heape,
And purchase *London*, 'tis exceeding cheape;
But if he tarry but one three months more,
I hope 'twill be as deare as 'twas before.
A *Countrie Cottage*, that but lately went
At foure markes, or at three pounds yeerely rent;
A *Citizen*, whose meere necessitie
Doth force him now into the *Countrie* flie,
Is glad to hire two *Chambers* of a *Carter*,
And pray and pay with thanks five pounds a quarter.
Then here's the alteration of this yeere,
The *Cities* cheapnesse makes the *Countrie* deare.

The Fearefull Summer,

Besides, another mischief is, I see
A man dares not be sicke although he be:
Let him complaine but of the *Stone* or *Gout*,
The *Plague* hath strooke him, presently they doubt:
My selfe hath beene perplexed now and then,
With the wind-Collicke, yeeres above thrice ten,
Which in the Country I durst not repeat,
Although my pangs and gripes and paines were great:
For to be sicke of any kind of grieve,
Would make a man worse welcome than a thiefe;
To be drunke sicke, which erst did credit winne,
VVas fear'd infectious, and held worse than sinne.
This made me, and a many more beside,
Their griefes to smother, and their paines to hide;
To tell a merry tale with visage glad,
VVhen as the Collicke almost made me mad.
Thus meere dissembling, many practis'd then,
And mid't of paine, seem'd pleasant amongst men;
For why, the smallest sigh or groane, or shriek,
VVould make a man his meat and lodging seek.
This was the wretched *Londoners* hard case,
Most hardly welcome into any place;
VVhilst Country people, where so'ere they went,
VVould stop their noses to avoid their sent,
VVhen as the case did oft most plaine appeare,
'Twas only they themselves that stunke with feare:
Nature was dead (or from the Country ranne)
A *Father* durst not entertaine his *Sonne*,
The *Mother* sees her *Daughter*, and doth feare her,
Commands her on her blessing not come neere her.
Affinitie, nor any kinde of Kinne,
Or ancient friendship could true welcome winne;
The Children scarcely would their Parents know,
Or (did if they) but slender duty shew:
Thus feare made *Nature* most unnaturall,
Duty undutifull, or very small,
No friendship, or else cold and miserable,
And generally all uncharitable.

Not

Or, Londons Calamitie.

Nor London Letters little better sped,
They would not be receiv'd (much lesse be read)
But cast into the fire and burnt with speed,
As if they had been *Hereticks* indeed.
And late I saw upon a Sabbath day,
Some Citizens at Church prepar'd to pray,
But (as they had been excommunicate)
The good Church-wardens thrust them out the gate.
Another Country vertue Ile repeat,
The peoples charitie was growne so great,
That whatsoever *Londoner* did dye,
In Church or Church-yard should not buried lye.
Thus were they scorn'd, despis'd, banished,
Excluded from the Church, alive, and dead,
Alive, their bodies could no harbour have,
And dead, not be allow'd a Christian Grave:
Thus was the Countries kindnesse cold, and small,
No house, no Church, no Christian buriall.
Oh thou that on the winged Winds dost sit,
And see'st our misery, remedy it,
Although we have deserv'd thy vengeance hot,
Yet in thy fury (Lord) consume us not:
But in thy mercies sheath thy slaying Sword,
Deliver us according to thy Word:
Shut up thy Quiver, stay thy angry Rod,
That all the World may know thou art our God:
Oh open wide the Gate of thy Compassion,
Assure our Soules that thou art our Salvation:
Then all our thoughts, and words, and works, we'll frame
To magnifie thy great and glorious Name.
The wayes of God are intricate, no doubt:
Unsearchable, and passe mans finding out,
He at his pleasure worketh wondrous things,
And in his hand doth hold the hearts of Kings,
And for the love which to our King he beares,
By sicknesse he our sinfull Country cleares,
That he may be a Patron, and a Guide,
Unto a people purg'd and purifi'd.

This s

The Fearefull Summer,

This by a president is manifest;
When famous late *Elizabeth* deceast,
Before our gracious *James* put on the Crowne,
Gods hand did cut superfluous branches downe,
Not that they then that were of life bereft,
Were greater sinners than the number left:
But that the *Plague* should then the Kingdome cleare,
The good to comfort, and the bad to feare:
That as a good King, God did us assure,
So hee should have a Nation purg'd and pure.
And as *Elizabeth* when she went hence,
Was wayted on, as did beseeeme a Prince:
Of all degrees to tend her Majestie,
Neere fortie thousand in that yeere did dye,
That as shee was belov'd of high and low,
So at her death, their deaths their loves d.d show;
Whereby the world did note *Elizabeth*,
Was lovingly attended after death.
So mightie *James* (the worlds admired mirour)
True faiths defending friend, sterne Foe to Errour,
VVhen he Great Britaines glorious Crowne did leave,
A Crowne of endlesse glory to receive,
Then presently in lesse than eight months space,
Full eighty thousand follow him apace.
And now that Royall *James* intombed lyes,
And that our gracious *Charles* his roome supplies,
As Heav'n did for his Father formerly,
A sinfull Nation cleanse and purifie:
So God, for him these things to passe doth bring,
And mendes the subjects for so good a King.
Upon whose Throne may peace and plenty rest,
And he and his Eternally be blest.

Now

Or, Londons Calamitie.

NOW for a Conclusion in Prose, I must have one touch more at the uncharitableness and ingratitude of those beastly, barbarous, cruell Countrey *Canibals*, whom neither the intreatie of the healthy, or misery of the sick could move to any sparke of humanity, or Christian compassion; their ingratitude being such, that although the Citie of *London* hath continually extended her bounty towards the Countreies in generall and particular necessities: for repairing their Churches, Bridges, and High-wayes, for their wrackes by Sea, for their losses by fire, for their inundations by water, for many Free-Schooles, Almes-houses, and other workes of pietie and charity, most largely and abundantly expressed, and most apparantly knowne unto them; yet notwithstanding all these and much more than I can re-collect, these Grunting *Girga-shites*, these Hog-rubbing *Gadarens*, suffers the distressed sonnes and daughters of this famous fostering Citie to languish, pine, starve and dye in their streets, fields, ditches and high-wayes, giving or allowing them no reliefe whilest they lived, or burials being dead; whose lives (in many places) might have been saved, with the harbours and entertainment which the currish *Nabals* did afford their Swine.

They have their excuses, and lay the fault of their hard-heartednesse upon the strict command from the Justices and Magistrates; alas, a staffe is quickly found to beat a dogge: for let it be granted, that the Justices and men of Authoritie did command and counsell them to be wary and carefull, yet I am sure that neither God or any Christian or good Magistrate did ever command or exhort them to be cruell, unmercifull, unshankfull, barbarous, inhumane, or uncharitable: for if there were or are any, either Justice or other of that hellish and hoggish disposition, let him or them expect to howle with *Dives*, for being so uncompassionate.

What have you been but murderers of your Christian brethren and sisters? for the rule of charitie, saith, that whosoever he or they be, that may relieve or helpe the necessities of others, and doth reject or neglect it, by which meanes those

The Fearefull Summer,

that are in want doe perish, that they are murtherers; and as many of our Countie Innes & Ale-houles have unchang'd their signes because they will give no harbour (upon any condition) to neither whole or sicke, for without Repenrance and Gods great mercie, some of them must expect to hang in Hell for their inhospitable want of pittie.

What madnesse did possesse you? did you thinke that none but Citizens were marked for death, that onely a blacke or ciuill suit of apparell, with a Ruffe-band, was onely the Plagues liverie? No, you shall finde it other-ways: for a Ruffet Coat or a sheepe-skin cover, is no Armour of prooffe against Gods Arrowes; though you shut up and baracado your doores and windowes, as hard as your hearts and heads were Ram'd against your distressed brethren, yet death will finde you, and leave you to judgement.

The Booke of God doth yeeld us many presidents and examples, that we are to be carefull to preserve life: it is madnesse to stand wilfully under a falling house, or to sleepe whilst the water over-flow us, to runne desperately into the fire: or not avoid a shot, or a stroke of a Sword: It is lawfull to avoid famine, to shun the Leper, the great or small Pox, and many other diseases: for if Physicke be good to restore health, it is wisdom to preserve health to prevent Physicke: The skilfull Mariner in a dangerous storme or tempest, will make the best haste hee can into a safe haven or a good harbour. I am commanded to love my Neighbour, and to be carefull to helpe him in the preservation of his life, and therefore I must be respectfull of mine owne.

Our Saviour *Christ* (although hee was God omnipotent) whose becke, or the least of his commands could have consumed *Herod*; and crushed him and his Tyranny to nothing, yet did he please not to use the power and strength of his Godhead, but (for our instruction & example) showing the weaknesse and imbecillitie of his humanitie, he fled from *Herod* into *Egypt*.

By this which hath been written, it is apparent, that it is lawfull for any man to absent himselfe (if his calling will permit the same) from manifest and approaching danger of his life: *Beasts, Fowles and Fishes*, will shunne their destruction,

Wormes.

Or, Londons Calamitie.

Wormes and contemptible vermine (as *lice* and *fleas*) will crawl, creepe, and skip, to save themselves from death, therefore man that hath Being, Life, Sence, Reason, and hope of Immortalitie, may lawfully seeke his owne preservation. But if there be any that have, out of a slavish or unchristian-like feare, fled or ranne away from this famous Citie in this lamentable visitation; I meane such as left neither prayer nor purse to relieve those that under-went the grievous burthens of sicknesse and calamitie; such as trusted more in the Country side, than in heavenly providence, such as imagined that their safety was by their own care and industry, not remembering that their sinnes and transgressions have helped to pull downe Gods wrath upon their afflicted brethren and sisters; I say, if any such there be, that attribute their preservation to their owne discreet carriage, giving the praise to the meanes, not much minding the All-sufficient cause and Giver of the meanes: If any such have fallen into the uncourteous pawes of the sordid Rusticks, or Clownish *Coridons*, let them know that Gods blessings are worth thankses, and that they were justly plagued for their unthankfulnesse.

As some have beene too swift and fearefull in flying, so, many have beene too slow and adventurous in staying, depending too much upon a common and desperate opinion, that their times are fixed, that their dayes are numbred, and that their lives are limited: so that till God hath appointed they shall not dye, and that it lyes not in them, or any power of man to lengthen life: All these Assertions are true, and I must needs grant unto them. But for as much as God is the Land-lord of life, and puts it (as his Tenants) in our fraile Tenements; although the Land-Lord knowes when the Tenant shall depart; yet we are ignorant, and know neither when, where, nor how: therefore, though there be no flying from death when God hath appointed it, so wee, not knowing the time when we shall dye must seeke to preserve life, by shunning perils and dangers of death: let us make much of life whilst we have it, for we doe not know how long we shall keep it; and let us have a care to live well, and then, I am sure, we are out of feare to dye well.

The Fearefull Summer.

Being it is both naturall, lawfull, and commendable, to avoid all these dangers aforesaid, I hold it much reason to shun the place or person infected with the Plague or Pestilence: But here may arise an objection, for Master *Mulligrubs*, Mistris *Fump*, Goodman *Beetle* the Constable, Gaffer *Log* the Hedgborough, and *Blocke* the Tythingman will say, that they did but seeke their owne safeties and preservations in not entertaining the *Londoners*; for they were ignorant, and did not know who were in health or cleare, and who were infectious; in which regard, they thought it the surest course to relieve none at all: this is partly answered before, for no man doth or can take them for being wary and carefull, but for their uncharitableness, and unchristian-like dealing, both to the quick and dead: for the Town of *Henden* in *Middlesex*, seven miles from *London* was a good Country president, had the rest had grace to follow it; for they relieved the sick, they buried the dead in Christian buriall, and they (being but a small Village) did charitably collect eight pounds at the least, which they sent to relieve the poore of Saint *Andrewes* in *Holborne*, besides they allowed good weekly wages to two men, to attend and bury such as dyed; and though they are no Pharises, to proclaime their owne charitie, yet I could not over-slip their deserved commendations. In many other places there hath beene much goodnesse and Christian love exprest, for the which (no doubt) but there is more than an earthly reward in store: For itaxe not all Townes and Villages, though I thinke most of them doe harbor some in the shapcs of men, with the minds of Monsters.

A man sicke of an Ague, lying on the ground at *Maidenhead* in *Berkshire*, with his fit violently on him, had stones cast at him by two men of the Towne (whom I could name) and when they could not cause him to rise, one of them tooke a Hitcher, or long Boat-hooke, and hitch'd in the sickes mans Breeches, drawing him backward, with his face groveling on the ground, drawing him so under the Bridge in a dry place, where he lay till his fit was gone, and having lost a new Hat, went his way.

One was cast dead into the Thames at *Stanes*, and drawne with a Boat and a rope downe some part of the River, and dragged to shore and indiched.

One

Or, Londons Calamitie.

One at *Richmond* was drawne naked in the night by his own Wife and Boy, and cast into the Thames, where the next day the corps was found.

One at *Stanes* carried his dead Wife on his back in a Coffin, and taine to be Bearer, Priest, Clark, Sexton, and Grave-maker himselfe: these and many more I could speake upon knowledge, and should I write all that I am truly informed of, my Booke would out-swell the limits of a Pamphlet; let it suffice, that God hath not forgotten to be gracious and mercifull; our sicknesse he hath turned to health, our mourning into joy, and our desolations into full and wholesome habitations: and though the Countrey in many places doth begin to share in this Contagion, let them not doubt, but they shall finde the Citie more charitable and hospitable than they deserve or can expect. And so God in mercie turne his fierce wrath both from them and us.

Were it not that the mercies of God were infinite and unmeasurable, then were all the Race of man-kind most wretched and miserable: And if we that doe inhabit in this Kingdome of Great *Britaine* did but consider the innumerable Blessings daily shewred upon us, and our owne unworthinesse of any of the least of them, as also our unfufferable impieties, wee must and should confesse, that it is onely the Almightyes mercie that we are not all consumed, and that he hath not dealt with any Nation so mercifully and bonntifully as hee hath with us.

Therefore to incite and move us to obedience and thankfullnesse for so many and mightie benefits, consider (good Reader) these following lines concerning some former Visitations, with something worthy of note, touching the time present;

In the yeere 1407. the 7. or 8. of King *Henry* the 4. there was such a mortalitie with the Plague, that in the space of twelue months there dyed in *London* above 30000. people, and then the Citie was not halfe so great and populous as now it is.

In the 3. yeere of the Reigne of King *Edward* the 6. there was a fearefull Plague in *London*, which sweeped away many thousands.

The Fearefull Summer,

Anno 1563. the 5. yeere of Queene *Elizabeths* Reigne, there dyed in *London* of the Plague and other diseases, 20372.

In the yeere 1603. the first of King *Iames*, there dyed that yeere in *London* of all diseases, 38244. whereof of the Plague, 30578.

In the yeere 1625. the first yeere of our blessed and gracious King *Charles*, there dyed in *London* and the Liberties, 63000. and one person, whereof of the Plague 41313.

In this brieft Repetition wee may take into humble and thankfull consideration the favourable and fatherly warnings that God gives us (as it were but shaking the Rod over us) when our iniquities deserves the Sword to kill and confound us: for there hath dyed of the Plague from the 7. of *April* to the 28. of *Iuly* in the Citie of *London*, the Liberties, with the 7. out-Parishes, namely, the great and populous Citie of *Westminster*, (wherein as yet there hath not dyed one) with *Lambeth*, *Newington*, *Redriffe*, *Islington*, *Stepney*, and *Hackney*, 1076. and onely 40. of the said number hath dyed within the Walls of *London*.

It was noted that in the beginning of the infection, 1625. that the Citizens of *London* did forsake the Citie, and went into the Countrey (unbidden) when there dyed 80. or a 100. a weeke, but after the sicknesse did rise to 5205. *August* 18. and that in *September* it abated to 1500. or about 1000. they came home againe faster by halfe than they went out, so that those that fled for feare at the death of 100. were glad and fearelesse when there dyed 1500. But the Proverbe sayes, *Home is homely*, &c.

We that doe abide here in *London* and the Liberties, doe not onely enjoy (by the favour of God) the free benefits of food for soule and body; but also (in a good houre be it spoken) our streets and Churches are full of people daily, and by the honourable care and vigilancie of the Lord Maior, with his Worshipfull and Grave Brethren, such order is taken, that no person in any infected house is permitted to stirre abroad, to the endangering of Citie or Countrey; and we are of the minds here, that *London* is one of the whoolsomest and healthfullest places in *England*: for with grieve let us consider the heavi-
Visitation

Or, Londons Calamitie.

Visitacion of the Town of *New-Castle*, where there hath dyed 120. in the space of 24. houres: As also the calamitie of *Faversham* in *Kent*, with *Gravesend*, and many other Townes and Villages in this Kingdome; but (God be praised) it is well ceased, especially at *Gravesend*, for to my knowledge there dyed no: one there from the 12. of *Iuly* last to the 20.

And surely, there is not any that beares a Christian minde, or hath conscience or discretion, that will presume to run out from any infected house or person, to carry danger with him from thence, into any place wheresoever.

Our sinnes are as great and greater than the transgressions of *Juda*, yet God strooke that little Kingdome (being not so big as 12. of our Shires) with such a fearefull Plague, that in the short space of three dayes there dyed 70000. in the Reigne of King *David*. Therefore as it is in the 1 *King*. 8. and 38. Let us learne to know the Plague of our owne hearts, and humbly stretch forth our hands in Gods House, and then no doubt but when we make conscience of our wayes, repent for sinnes past, avoid sinnes present, and prevent sinnes to come, God will cease to punish, and the Plague will be taken from us.

(* * *)

FINIS.